

Moving In Together by LovelySheree

Series: [Inseparable \(Mileven Week 2018\) \[3\]](#)

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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Summary:

Just a one-shot based on Mike and El moving in together. Simple and sweet.

Moving In Together

Author's Note:

Sorry for not updating the past two days. I didn't have many ideas surrounding those prompts, so I decided to not write anything. Still upset I couldn't figure anything out for the high school reunion prompt... I might end up posting something for that later, but who knows.

Anyway, please enjoy this prompt at least :P

"Dad, really, it was kind of you to help, but you should probably let yourself rest," El fretted over Hopper as he wheezed, hoisting up a large box.

"Kid, I'm not that old," he said huffed, his face blocked by cardboard.

El sighed, "I'm not referring to you *age*," she said pointedly, "You *just* had knee surgery—unless you somehow *forgot* about being shot in the leg," she added flatly.

He snorted, fumbling with the box so that he could see where he was walking. "It's not like it's the first time that's happened," he scoffed.

"*Really* not helping your case," she said, grabbing a box herself and following him into the house.

Her house. *Their* house. As she walked through the door, she spared a quick glance at Mike who was sorting through a box in the living room and smiled. In a few days she was going to marry that man, and that thought alone made her absolutely *giddy*. However, not giddy enough to forget about her very stubborn father.

"You should sit down," she said as she set the box she had been carrying next to the one Hopper had just set on the dining room table.

Hopper crossed his arms, leveling her a stern look that she had gotten so used to over the years. "The surgery was over a month ago—"

“—And it’ll take *years* to heal—“

“—I feel *fine*, kid—“

“—Of course you feel *fine*, you’ve lost most of the nerves in your knee from the wound! It’s *numb*, but that doesn’t mean you aren’t straining it,” she gestured to his knee.

“I’m not straining it,” he said, walking past her and back through the front door, “Besides, the doctor said I’ll need to exercise with it.”

El watched him walk out the front door with a tight frown on her face. She walked into the living room to still see Mike sorting out boxes. “Where’s Joyce? I need her to talk some sense into him,” she spoke mostly to herself, under breath and exasperatingly airy. But Mike heard her and responded anyway, looking up from the box and giving her a strange look.

“You’re going to tattletale on your father?” he asked.

El crossed her arms, “I am.”

“On his wife?” his eyebrows raised in mild disbelief.

“Yes,” El nodded resolutely.

Before either of them could say anything else, they heard a loud yell sound from the front yard, making both of them jump. “Jim Hopper, I swear to *all that is holy*, if you mess up that knee before it’s properly healed—“

“Joyce, I’m *fine*—“

“Oh no you’re *not!* We are *not* paying for another surgery, sit down somewhere and make yourself of use.”

Mike snickered, standing up and walking towards El. “Looks like you won’t have to,” he says, wrapping an arm around her and kissing her head.

She sighed. “He’s too stubborn,” she said in mild anger, already relaxing in Mike’s embrace.

"Says the pot calling the kettle black," he gives her a wry smile.

She laughs through her nose, a small and surrendering smile plays at her lips. "You better not say that to the women you're moving in with," she pointed out teasingly.

"Hey, I admire your strength. It's just another reason to love you," he amends, pulling her closer to him.

"That's better," she hums, leaning up and kissing underneath his chin. "Besides, you're equally as stubborn."

Suddenly they heard someone stumbling down the hallway and they both flick their heads towards the noise. There they find Dustin walking down the hall with a heavy looking box in his arms.

"Can one of you lend me a hand," he wheezed from behind the box, "This one's especially heavy—" he stopped mid-sentence as the box carefully floated from his arms and onto the kitchen table. He stared wide-eyed at the box before slowly bringing his gaze to El. "You know, I don't think I'll ever get used to you doing stuff like that."

"Neither will I," Mike added, "And I'm the one marrying her."

El escaped Mike's hold and walked over to the box she had floated to the kitchen table in such a casual manner that it left Mike and Dustin semi-flabbergasted. "Dustin, this is the kitchenware, right?" she asked, as if nothing had happened.

"Uh—uh, yeah, yep, it is," he responded numbly.

"I'll probably have my dad sort through this," she mused.

"I'll let him know, I'm getting another box anyway. Will and I already finished sorting out most of the stuff in the hall closet." Dustin said, walking out of the house.

Mike walked over to El and hugged her from behind, "You're pretty amazing you know that?" he asked, smiling down at her even though she couldn't see him.

"Are you only saying that because I made a box float with my mind?"

she asked dryly, opening the box and double checking if it was the kitchenware.

“No,” he replied honestly, “Although, I’d be lying if I said that didn’t make you awesome.”

She turned in his arms, leaning up and gently bringing his face down to hers and kissing him gently. “You are too,” she said, all smily and practically oozing out a bubbly happiness. She leaned up and kissed him again, this time letting it linger as they both let out a content sigh.

They heard an annoyed knock at the door and they pulled apart, El peeking behind Mike and Mike turning around to see Hopper standing in the doorway. “If you two are gonna be like that, I’d rather bust my knee again and be stuck listening to Joyce about it,” he said flatly.

“Dad,” El said, maneuvering around Mike (being previously trapped against him and the kitchen table.) “I need you to sort out the kitchen stuff. Just separate the silverware and the plates and bowls.”

He sighed, walking towards the kitchen and taking a seat at the table, “Sure thing, kid.”

She smiled, “Thanks,” and gave Mike a quick kiss on the cheek before walking outside to grab another box.

Mike smiled as he watched her leave, happy to know that this was *their* house they were moving into. Happy that this was *their* life they were about to start together. Happy, oh so very happy, that he would get to spend every second with such a beautiful, amazing, stubborn women.

Author's Note:

Hope you liked it, despite how short it was! That's just how I write, I guess. Hope you all had lovely weekends!